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VOL. XXIV.

No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabant SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

Nihil de Nihilo.

Flirtations have made many old maids.—*Milton.*

Female beauty is often of external application.—*Cowper.*

Many fools have money, not by themselves earned.—*Byron.*

Oh, yeath, I's a gazin on ye, Dinah!—*Shakespear.*

A matrimonial alliance is an important step in the history of a man, one of life's great problems, upon the successful solution of which depends much happiness, little misery. The marriage institution is the oldest of divine institutions, though in later days we lose sight of its divinity, when we read of divorces because of potatoe quarrels and general knock-downs. Under this institution was made the first and greatest mistake in the history of our race, when Adam obeyed the advice of Eve, subscribed to the doctrine of "woman's rights," allowed her the "elective franchise," and ate the apple of "original sin." What a mistake was that,—reaching down the course of time and generations! Yet how his descendants have ever erred in the same course of life! Some mistake in marrying for money; they find, when it is too late, that they have only allied themselves

to a golden calf. Some marry for beauty, some for station, some to please their friends, some for pleasure, some for learning, some for power, many too soon, some too late, but the greatest mistake of all is never to marry. Look at that walking bundle of oddities and whimsicalities, that embodiment of toothache, rheumatism, nightmare, heartache, nervousness and self-conceit,—the old bachelor! He goeth about the streets in the garments of ye dilapidated Gentiles, no "heavy English" adorneth his attenuated frame; he shunneth females, no crinoline saluteth him; he hasteneth home, he eateth ye solitary meal in silence, he drinketh ye poorly made tea; he wrappeth himself up in the solitude of single life; he thinketh Paul ye wise Apostle, and lieth down to ye frightful dreams of ye horrible women. What tie of sympathy binds him to man, much less to woman?

Look upon her who hath never married, and *never* will, ye old maid. What a picture of forlorn misery and lost hopes! She thinketh upon the misimproved past with many tears; she seeth no man in the future; she regaleth herself with cat-nip tea; she joineth ye "sewing society," and maketh clothes for ye cannibals; she taketh a class in ye "Sunday School;" bad boys call her "the ancient patriarch of Israel;" she singeth ye Psalms of David with a celestial voice; she retaileth the town-news; she telleth what "they said," and spreadeth the rumors; she sitteth alone in the synagogue, weareth the antiquated apparel, despiseth ye crinoline, useth no false teeth, washeth not with Phalon's Lotion; she mocketh the fashions, although she readeth that the old maids of primitive times were swept away by the deluge, yet she calleth no man master.

Beholding every day such specimens of isolated humanity, and believing the bonds of double existence preferable to the freedom of single life, man seeks an object upon which to bestow his "boundless love." Ye students even feel ye tender passion.

Ye Freshman cometh to College, he heareth with pleasure that the city overfloweth with ye beautiful women, he studieth at first for ye "high stand," he sitteth up till midnight, he burneth the oil of industry, he reciteth with fear and bewaileth ye "low stand," he flunketh excessively, he goeth about the streets in tears, he wisheth himself home. But he heareth of "qualls," he buyeth Cologne, he speculateth in "Bear's Oil," he dresseth himself in fine linen, he flourisheth ye expansive cotton handkerchief, he gazeth upon ye beautiful maidens, he loseth sight of ye mighty valedictory, he getteth ye Yale Banger, he weareth ye small society pin in ye very prominent posi-

tion, he putteth on his Sunday raiment, he goeth about the streets, he seeketh to flirt with ye "qualls," but they know him not. He remembereth Lot's wife, he giveth up ye bad practice, he returneth to his books.

Ye Sophomore, he careth not for ye "opposite sex," but loveth his pipes and tobacco, he weareth ye rusty clothes, he is a stranger to fine or clean linen, he destroyeth not ye imperceptible moustache, he looketh not at the "galleries," but eateth peanuts in silence, he forgetteth his prayers, he rusheth in Chapel ye small Freshmen, he seeketh pleasure in the country by vote of ye Faculty, he smoketh out ye younger brethren, he blacketh ye beardless faces, he stealeth gates from ye respectable citizens, he taketh down the signs of ye present generation, he entereth not ye female society.

Ye Junior beginneth to think of female virtues, and weareth his ancestor's "plug," he buyeth ye big razor and cultivateth ye small moustache, he confineth his neck in a "choker," he carryeth ye pin-tail, his boots shineth as a new man, he goeth down Chapel Street, he useth the small spectacles, young lady coughing convulsively smileth upon him, he followeth her, he marketh her house, he asketh an introduction, he getteth it, he asketh her to the concert, they goeth, heavy rain cometh on, he findeth himself "stuck for a hack," he concealeth his emotions, he rattleth not his empty purse, he hireth ye hack, he taketh small girl to parental mansion, he readeth Miles Standish, he becometh romantic, he rusheth to her house, he turneth the conversation, he suddenly declareth that affection which shall never cease to perambulate his palpitating heart till the American eagle shall loose its plumage and sit in silent majesty upon the Isle of Patmos. The young lady swooneth and whispereth, "Oh, Yeath!" Ye large paternal suddenly appeareth in the parlor door; he sendeth his daughter, Miss Intensely Susceptible, to her apartment, and talketh to ye Junior upon the uncertainty of young men doing well in our days, that he intends his daughter shall marry a man of distinction, a Dutch Baron, who fought in the French Revolution, had command of the "Ditch companie," when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea gave the first shriek for civil and religious freedom in the old world, and is coming to Washington to purchase Cuba for a Dutch Republic. Ye Junior looketh disconsolate,—he goeth from the house with rapid step,—he seeketh elsewhere ye future wife.

Ye Senior clingeth to Junior habits. He maketh desperate attempts in matrimonial politics, he asketh an introduction to all ye rich girls,

he seeketh his *fortune* while in college. He taketh many prizes, and haveth ye high stand, ye young lady thinketh him "smart," "charming," "splendid," "perfectly devine." Ye happy maternal smileth upon ye coming engagement,—ye sober paternal looketh upon ye youthful lover with suspicion. Ye Senior calleth often upon ye intended; she thinketh him caught. But commencement cometh, ye Senior delivereth ye profound oration, young lady smiles excessively, he packeth his trunks, he forgetteth ye anxious lady, he thinketh she was *very convenient*, he goeth home, he marrieth ye old acquaintance.

After writing the above I fell asleep and dreamed, "and it was not all a dream." Lo! I was in a city renowned for its stately trees, beautiful women, and intellectual character. In the center of this city was a College, and many went in and out of its ancient halls. Some were in the pursuit of knowledge, others cultivated, as they told me, the "heart element," sought an acquaintance with the world, and the mysteries of the *undefined passion*, delighted in romances of modern days, rather than those of classic fame. They talked incessantly of "going into society," "getting up a flirtation" with this young lady, and shivering into atoms the tender hearts of ye present generation. Hearing often of this society, I immediately sought an entrance into its influence, enjoyed its sweet communions, wandered amidst its fascinations, became satiated with its many blessings, and wrote the following observations in my Almanac.

The requisitions for entering this society, were,—first, financial, second, social, third, intellectual, and fourth, moral qualities. This is quite the reverse of Westminster Catechism doctrine, where man's moral nature is most prominent, and "nary red" is spoken of.

This is a progressive world. The man of yesterday is not the man of to-day. *Formerly* men were valued according to their piety, *now* ye "filthy lucre" is the best recommendation. I doubt whether Paul would be allowed to discourse in one of our modern churches, unless he wore a set of studs and dressed in ye heavy English. John would get a large salary if able to compute, in the pulpit, the gyrations of the American Eagle, the sinuations of the Anaconda, and the number of the mighty, tempest-tossed billows. James would be hailed with joy, if, dressed in sable garments and white cravat, he could keep aloof from this present world, retire to his country seat, and walk amid the spheres. Young ladies catch the spirit of the age. They first wonder if Mr. Alphonso Fewbrains is *rich*. If, unfortunately, he is so, what visions of jewelry, gay dresses, gorgeous equipages and silver

plate, haunt the brain of Miss *Nineteenth Century*. No matter if Alphonso's education is limited to primary arithmetic, sherry-cobblers, curling tongs, whiskerian sentiments, and the latest opera, he is still a prize, for he has money, which in her mind counterbalances moral and intellectual deficit. Alphonso *dresses* with such fine taste. Yes, Alphonso knows that a young gentleman must be regularly well dressed if he wishes to be regularly noticed by his female acquaintances. It is surprising how quickly a young lady will notice a well dressed beau, and what a looking askant of the optics when she meets a poorly dressed acquaintance. Alphonso perceiveth this law of female economy, he runneth up a large tailor's bill, he buyeth patent-leathers "on tick," he smoketh segars on the street, but a pipe in his room,—he taketh his dinner at the Merchants', and eateth bread and milk morning and evening at Hoadley's; he selleth clothes to Park, ye Ethiopian delegate, who buyeth old clothes; he taketh Miss Century to the concert with money thus obtained. When money can't be borrowed clothes must be sold. Broadcloth hides many imperfections, and maketh the dumb man to speak.

Ye students seek female society to vary the monotony of college life. They think young ladies useful as well as ornamental. Mr. Spoopty delights to tell of his fine-looking, brilliant, rich lady acquaintances. With a serene grin he perambulates the concert or lecture-room, Miss Lovetogo hanging in sweet simplicity upon his arm. He hopes that he is seen by all his acquaintances, and takes particular pains to notify the audience of his arrival, either by the flourish of a highly perfumed handkerchief, or by standing in the aisle long after Miss L. has adjusted her self-adjusting hoops. Miss Lovetogo believes that every one is gazing upon her celestial physiogomy, and also informs the assembly of her immediate presence by an incessant gabbering, giggling, coughing, chewing of gum drops, and a general confusion of sounds that would frighten a Babelite. Young ladies and gentlemen of proper deportment are seldom seen in a public assembly, but always appreciated. Gold is precious because of its scarcity.

Young ladies should never suppose that because a student dresses finely he is rich, or has a high stand in College. Many prefer the cultivation of the exterior to that of the interior.

Young ladies should never encourage a gentleman's attentions, and behind his back make fun of his imperfections.

Young ladies should not always think that when a student applies a handkerchief to his nasal organ he is flirting.

Young ladies should require of a gentlemen who seeks an introduction to them, first, that he be a man of moral worth, second, a man of mind, third, of good social qualities, and let his wealth be an accidental and not essential element of his good character. R. S. D.

Electioneering.

There is nothing connected with our Alma Mater, of which we as students of Yale should be more proud, than of its two literary societies, the Brothers in Unity, and Linonia. Their history is full of interest. Minds that have enlarged the sphere of human knowledge and moulded the sentiments of communities, have first been disciplined in their literary exercises. Voices that have guided the councils of the nation, and inspired the hearts of the people, have first echoed in their halls. Passing from class to class, gathering with each year new memories and wider fame, they have come down to us clothed with the affections of thousands, and the veneration which an existence of a century must inspire. We might imagine that the history and associations of these societies would be sufficient to excite an interest in them even if the opportunities which they present failed to do it.

Moreover, each society at present has over two hundred members; their halls surpass in beauty and fitness any in this country, and probably in the world; and we are students in a college where the course affords better instruction in elocution and composition than any in the land. What the condition of these societies should be we leave to be inferred; we will merely give the results of careful observations made by members of both societies for the past year. The average of the greatest number present at any one time in the common meetings for debate has not been over 30; the average attendance on all the meetings not over 60. Our debates are sometimes spirited and instructive, still there is never that interest awakened which the presence of 150 at each meeting would excite. Every candid man will say that the societies are not what they should be.

In view of this stagnant condition of our debates, the question is forced upon us, What is its cause? Various reasons are given. Some will say it is the Prize Debates, some Class Societies; some one thing, and some another. There is one thing which manifestly tends to

depress our debates and eat out the life of the societies; and that is, our present system of electioneering Freshmen. What this system is, we all know. Under the excitement of the campaign, meetings are held morning, noon and night, wherein, after the manner of the wolf in the fable, we spend hour after hour in extolling the merits of our ancestors. If there is a sub-Freshman in the hall, the applause to these speeches is tremendous. The process through which a Freshman is obliged to go beggars description. Most of the readers of the *Lit.* know what it is by experience, and therefore will be ready to sustain the following charges against the system which makes it necessary.

Our present system of electioneering diverts each society from its proper exercises, for one-fourth of each year. It makes a victory of numbers the great end and only end of the societies, and the excitement produced by this idea paralyses the societies for the remaining three-fourths of each year. Hundreds of dollars are spent in each campaign, which might be saved or given to the libraries. The amount of time spent in electioneering may be incredible. It is not too much to say that on an average, every man who is at all interested in a campaign, throws away a whole week of time in laying plans, comparing statistics, and electioneering. The work which the Sophomores perform is as hard for them as it is disagreeable to the Freshmen.

The present system makes impertinence and rudness a necessary accompaniment of success. If in reply to the question "Are you coming to college?" you hear "None of your business," you cannot complain, and though you may answer "I asked, because, if you were coming, I intended to leave," it is enough to dampen the enthusiasm of any one, and make him "feel decidedly small." Finally, this system has turned the statement of facts into a mere farce. Since no one can be influenced by the simple truth, the strife between the orators, is to make the most fun by the most absurd perversion of facts.

But the greatest objection, is the unfairness, the duplicity, and downright lying, to which this system offers so great an inducement as the best means of accomplishing its ends. We know that many are induced to join societies, when they have heard but one side, which is unfair. We know that misrepresentation, which is very easy to be made, is as common as it is easy. We know that unmitigated falsehoods are told which bring charges of classmates against classmates, producing alienation and sometimes bitter enmity.

These charges, from the very nature of the case, are not to be established by argument; but the testimony of every candid reader who has seen and been through an electioneering campaign, will confirm all that has been said. The next question, then, is, Can this state of things be remedied? Many acknowledge the need of a remedy, but make no effort to obtain it, with the plea that it is an impossibility. Why it should be considered impossible for the two societies to agree to abolish electioneering, is not evident in the least. It could be carried out in different ways; but to show the feasibility of abolishing the whole system, suppose that the two societies agree to admit no members from the coming Freshman class, till after the statement of facts. This is certainly practicable. No one supposes that a whole society would openly receive a member, under such an agreement. Furthermore, let each society agree, that no attempt shall be made to pledge Freshmen for either society.

In such a case, undoubtedly, opportunities would be given for dishonorable, unprincipled men, secretly to electioneer and to pledge persons for their respective societies. But for the honor of Yale we are not willing to believe that such cases would be of frequent occurrence. And a powerful check could be laid on the tendency to violate such an agreement, by requiring the presidents of both societies to announce these contracts of the societies at the statement of facts, and to proclaim that if any are pledged to either society, their pledges are unlawful, and consequently they are released from them. The effect of this would be to turn those that are pledged for one society to the other, or at least, will leave them wholly unbiased.

These three agreements, which are eminently practicable, would bring the Freshman free and untrammelled to the statement of facts, where under such a condition of affairs, they would hear that which would enable to decide fairly on the merit of the two societies. Every one would hear both sides before joining either. Gobbling would be an impossibility. The Freshman would not be bored. Money and time would be saved. And everything which the present system effects would be effected, but in a decent, fair and orderly manner.

We do not propose that the societies should agree that "no electioneering should be done;" for there could not in such a case be a definite understanding as to what is, and what is not electioneering.

The mere mention of one's society in the presence of a Freshman, might be construed by the opposite party into an attempt to prejudice his mind, and every individual deciding for himself, that since the con-

tract, had been broken on one side he was set free, there would be an immediate return to the old system, each society accusing the other of first breaking the pledge. But if the societies enter into an agreement clear, definite, and unmistakable, that no one shall be permitted to join or be pledged to either society till after statement of facts, nothing but a real desire and purpose to break their faith could be given as a reason for pledging a man in advance. No misunderstanding could be offered as an excuse; no sophistry could cover their treachery. This plan, as will be seen, permits electioneering so far as possible without an attempt to pledge. If all electioneering could be stopped till statement of facts, well and good. But is this possible, when Freshmen ask concerning the societies, wish to attend your meetings, see your hall, and even ask, as many will, "Which is the better society?" Your answers to their questions will be called electioneering. It is precisely this which the proposed plan will allow and thus prevent crimination and recrimination.

It may be urged in favor of the present system that it begets an interest in the meetings of the societies which is the only thing that will keep them alive. Under the proposed system the societies would be left as free to have electioneering meetings as ever. But since there would then be no need of electioneering the Freshman, it would not be necessary to raise the unhealthy excitement produced by campaign meetings, which alone (aside from ambition) enables men to go through the hard, disagreeable labor of a campaign. Are we then to have no meetings during the summer term? Certainly! and meetings which would be promotive of the original purpose of the societies, that would be devoted to debates and the regular exercises of the society. Why should not the ten meetings, now occupied for campaign purposes, be devoted to literary improvement? If one half of the work and enthusiasm exhibited in a campaign were thrown into debates, our meetings would be attractive on account of intrinsic worth alone. And as the Freshman, from time to time, would witness the meetings in large numbers, the personal interest of the officers would lead them to exert themselves in procuring good debates, as they do now for a spirited campaign. Such debates and literary exercises, with an occasional campaign speech, would not only make our meetings far more instructive and interesting to members of the society than a continual run of funny speeches on David Humphreys and William Wickham, but of more powerful influence over those Freshmen who may be present.

Under our present system, the best electioneerer is considered the

best promoter of the interests of the society. And therefore the offices of honor and responsibility are generally given to the best electioneers—though sometimes nominations seem to be made on the principle that the man who does least for a society deserves the highest honors. This premium on electioneering explains the hard work through which many men will go in every campaign. With the proposed plan there will be no premium on electioneering, but on that which is best obtained by attendance on, and participation in, the exercises of the societies. Thus the ambition of individuals will be made to serve not only their own interest but the good of the society. And, therefore, all the evils of the present system of electioneering could be obviated by some such system as has been proposed, while its benefit, if it has any, could be preserved.

With regard to the feasibility of this change we may be referred to the attempt made two years ago by one society to adopt a similar plan. It was rejected then; but it must be remembered that it was proposed in the middle of a campaign, when it was perfectly evident from the condition of affairs, that the society to which it was proposed surrendered, by acceptance, a strong advantage. At present, however, the number of men in each society in the working class, the class of '62, is equal, and this plan can be adopted, if it is thought best, before the initiatory steps of the coming campaign. We understand the subject is to be brought up in both societies on the Wednesday evening after the general election.

The evils of the present system are many. A change may be for the better. The subject deserves the thought of every well-wisher to the literary societies of Yale College.

W. C. J.

Haughty-crat of the Breakfast Table.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOARDER.

I board myself. I like it, and I'll tell you why.

In the first place, I have a great respect for every thing German, and German students board themselves. To be sure, I do not study as much, nor in the same manner as they do, but that does not prevent me from eating as much, and in the same way, as they. Then again, if an M.C. elect gives a treat, or I am present at a society supper, my peculiar diet enables me at that time, to compliment the liberality of the host, or the skill of the caterer, by the extent of my appetite.

You may think it unsocial. By no means. I have a great deal of company, imaginary, of course, but still very pleasant. I wish to introduce you to the ordinary members of the family. First, then, at the head of the table sits my imaginary landlady, whom I have never *heard* complaining of my eating too much, or of my being particular, She is generally a quiet, unobtrusive, lady, with a firm belief, however, that the rules of English Grammar were not made for her benefit. Next to her, and opposite to myself, sits an unseen young lady, whom I hope you will know as well as I do some day. She is a fellow boarder with me. She is not a school-mistress but a school-girl, for which I am thankful. Which school does she go to? Did you ever hear of any one's putting their foot in it? Didn't you? Well I'm not going to tell which it is. Do you suppose, this periodical is intended as an advertising sheet for the best female boarding schools in New Haven? I very frequently assist this young lady in getting her lessons. She has taught me some things I never knew before. I will tell them some time. At the end of the table, opposite her mother, sits the visionary daughter of my imaginary landlady. She is visionary in two senses of that word; she has the habit of metaphorically referring to that traditional "Ship," whose "coming in," is, by nurses, made the basis of prospective enormous expenditures, and prophetic extravagant outlays upon their "ducks" and "darlings." According to her story, a rich uncle, who has willed them his property, has been lying at the point of death, for several years past, and they have been anxiously awaiting his demise: when that occurs, "mama will give up taking boarders." I have no objections to this young lady's sitting at the table with me, if she would only cease alluding to the anticipated decease of her relatives, and would employ less musk as a perfume.

Next to me sits an invisible Freshman; I have used this epithet, because it is frequently a quality of verdancy. This young man says a few wise things, occasionally, and gets off some sorry jokes, at least he ought to be sorry for them.

Now, I do not pretend that these are real personages, on the contrary, they are all in my (mind's) eye; but I like them, on that account; they always let me talk without interruption. I have thus endeavored to make you acquainted with my mealy friends, (my landlady's name is Maize), if I may be allowed so to call them.

I propose to tell you some things, which I say at the table, and something which *I* hear my imaginary friends say, and I would have you bear in mind, that I do not intend to imitate, the *spokesman* of that *hub* of the Universe—Boston, but only to parody that which he has said

I came down to the table the morning after the verdict was rendered in the trial at Washington, and heard my landlady inveighing against "them men that have power, a getting off free"—

I said—

There is one point which the defense strangely omitted to make, and to my mind, it embodies a complete justification. The jury I presume thought of it. It is a vindication founded on Biblical precedent. It is this. If Moses was justified in breaking *all* the commandments, on witnessing the worship of his *brothers* idol, why does this not excuse Mr. Sickles for breaking *one* of them, when he discovered the adoration of his own?

The invisible Freshman looked up, as if I was joking, but I solemnly assured him, by a pantomimic expression of countenance, that I did not think of jesting.

This argument seemed unanswerable, at least, no one replied to it.

"But the avenger with the bloody hand will come," said the visionary daughter of the imaginary landlady.—

This young person reads the New York Ledger.

Now, personally, that valuable journal never did me any harm; for the very simple reason that I seldom read it. Perhaps it is presumptuous in me to criticize it, for "Edward Everett writes for it,"—articles, of which none ever supposed him capable. It is a remarkable fact in the history of literature, that it required the greatest living orator in America, and the eulogist of Washington, to tell us that it was economy in railroad traveling to take sandwiches with us, and thus save money to buy the Ledger—I say, personally, I have no objections to it, but to me those persons who read the *cereals* of *Cobb* seem to prefer "the *husks*, that the swine did eat" to solid mental aliment.

No reply was made to the aforesaid observation of the landlady's daughter. "I suppose," said the invisible Freshman, taking the cue from his dulcinea, "he will feel proud of his actions."—Pride, I said, is what the souls of some men grow fat upon, and in its nutritious qualities, it is adapted to their wants, as much as physical pabulum to their stomachs.

It is interesting to see some men seek to discover who were their progenitors, but evince a total disregard as to the character of their posterity. They seem to think a great deal more of their ancestors, than the latter would of them—and it is pleasant to other people, to see them meet with a rotten branch of the family tree, so that, when they get hold of it to pull themselves up, it treacherously breaks, and they fall lower than ever.

Some men, too, you are probably aware, take pride in dress, and feel actually, as if they were ennobled by externals. Of these, it is enough to say, that their pleasure arises from the transfer of wool from the back of one sheep to that of another. Some men act with their pride, just as children do in new clothes; put them on, strut around in them for a time, doff them, and then go and play in the dirt. I met with an aphorism from the French which embodies a principle applicable to all these classes.

"A proud man is like a stalk of wheat, the more empty his head is, the higher he holds it."

"I hope we shan't be proud, when uncle dies," said the landlady's daughter.

The difference between an organ and a purse-proud man, I said, is, that the richness of the former depends upon its swell, the swell of the latter depends upon his richness.

The equation of the human race, provided they all marry, is, as follows.

Let a =males, b =females, x (an *unknown* quantity)=children; then $a+b=x$. Frequently, however, it happens, that the children are too much for their parents; the equation changes then into the formula, $x <$ (greater than) $a+b$. This I would call the formula of that class of beings, known as Young America.

The company stared. The invisible Freshman looked frightened, and was evidently about to leave the table. "Will you go to my book-case," I asked, "and bring me a volume bound in sheep,—gilt letters on the back." He did so. "I will show you the proof of my assertion."

I opened the book, (8vo.) and read the title page.

Geometria Analytica Calculusque. Elias Loomis, Scrip. In Novi Yorci Universitate, Math. et Nat. Phil. Prof. Typis sumptibus Harperi Fratrumque, 1857. Franklinis Squarum.

If you think I have used strong language, I will read a little of the work which sparkles with wit. They asked to look at the book. I complied. After a single glance, however, they very willingly agreed to believe me without my reading it.

Mother Goose, might be made the instrument of many instructive lessons, provided a reformation is made in it. It would modify, somewhat, the last of the above mentioned formulae. The imperceptible eyes of the invisible Freshman lit up with pleasure, at the mention of Mother Goose, as the recent scenes of the nursery were recalled to him. I will give you an example, I said.

Take, for instance, that melody, Hi diddle diddle, &c.

—The invisible Freshman came in very joyous one morning, and was evidently elated by some unknown cause. "Do you wish to hear a conundrum?" he asked. I did not reply: the rest signified an assent. The Freshman with a hang-dog look, as if he was about to perpetrate some mean action, inquired, "what is the difference between good champagne and the adulterated article on which so much profit is made?"

Now, to an unsophisticated man, it would appear, that this question was asked merely with a view to eliciting some facts in favor of abstemiousness from intoxicating liquors. You are disappointed in finding, however, that it is merely a double-entendre.

Now, I don't know that I am quite right, in telling you the reply to the above query, but in order that you may see to what a depth of degradation some men have fallen, I will give it to you. "One is champagne, the other is a pa-in (quasi paying) sham." I hope no one will be guilty of propagating the above. In order to punish the Freshman for his termerity, I told him the following story. A young lady once agreed to accept a gentlemen as her lover, on condition that he should cut off his whiskers. Explain the paradox—as he was already hirsute, he had to shave in order to become her suitor. That, I told him, was tit for tat. I think he will ask no more conundrums.

A man had better be a satirist than a punster—a woman the reverse.

I hate to hear one of the fair sex utter a bitter speech. I hate to be lashed, into silence or indignation, by the lips of a woman. Though being of a forbearing disposition, I am willing, in some cases, to "kiss the rod."

[The unseen young lady blushed a little when I said this. I heard that she went to school and told it to her mates; the only reply made to it there, was by the ugliest girl in school, who said that it was 'orrid (anglice horrid).]

I hope no one has read any of the above remarks with the idea that there is anything personal.

[I said the same thing at the table, as I saw the visionary daughter looked hurt, as if I meant to imply that she was naturally sarcastic!]

My landlady is an inquisitive woman. "Have the women ever troubled you much?" she asked. A plate falling on the floor fortunately changed the subject, and the answer to that question has not yet been produced, reminding one of the celebrated inquiry, addressed to the world at large, in regard to the present situation of the Hebrew children.

I took a walk with the school-girl after breakfast. I am not going to tell you whether it was the long path or the short one. Our conversation was pleasant; unfortunately, it was not one that concerns either you or me.

I may, hereafter, tell you something more that occurs at the table. I hope you have liked what I have said, but if so, don't repeat it: the rest of the world may not be as good natured as you.

If you want to enjoy life, board yourself; you will have to adopt the motto—"live to eat," for it will take your life-time to provide for such an appetite as this *régime* creates.

E. G. H.

Oh! it is hard to live when tired of life;
When sick and weary with its toil and care,
The soul is troubled with a secret strife,
And sinks with burdens that it cannot bear.

The darkness fades as soon as morning wakes,
And fresh is all that stirreth with the light;
But on my soul the morning never breaks,
Without some cloud to chill, or frost to blight.

The sun oppresses with its burning beams,
I faint at noonday sick with pain and fear;
The brightness blinds me, and at heart it seems
But little worth, to stay and wander here.

The path before is over dreary sand,
No trees to shelter, not a spot of green!
Oh, God! a stranger in a desert land,
Hath need of soothing from a hand unseen.

And when the silent night is falling round,
The world seems peaceful and is hushed to rest;
'Twere even sweet to slumber in the ground,
If that could still the raging of this breast.

But darkness deepens, and the cloud hangs low;
The night is chilly, and the dew is cold.
The world asleep? I am awake with woe,
Yet fear the dawning as the hours unfold.

I cannot watch and wonder at a star,
 In all the sky there is not one I see;
 Serene they're shining still, above, afar,
 But not a single ray comes down to me.

Yet, 'mid the strife, while these my sorrows are,
 With my whole being throbbing like the sea;
 At morn a light, at noon a shade, at night a star,
 Comes the sweet thought, Oh God! I am with thee. J.

Our Sailors.

ποντίων τε κυμάτων

ἀνέριθμον γίλασμα.

I dreamed of the summer sea. Not when we had strolled together in the dying twilight, and had seen the first rays of the stars glitter on the sleeping tides, for it was not to "the many rippling laughter of the music of the sea," I listened then, and the words I read upon the hard white sand, tide waves never traced there, though, when the moon rose, they had hid them.

Nor, when we sat, at noon, in the cool shade of a sheltering rock, where the sea-breeze fanned us, did I watch only the surf and the rollicking bathers, or hearken in silent musing to the grand roar of the breakers' surge that now and then rolled in to the highest reach and dashed our faces with its showery spray. There was little romance in my dream.

The crew had been at Capt. Brooks' all the morning, our last day there, "black-leading" the boat, and after the last finishing touches had been given to the smooth surface from kelson to top-streak, we had turned her right side up again, that the fresh varnish might not blister. So, while the others were bearing a hand in carrying out some boat from the narrow winter quarters of the cellar, or laughing at the eager Freshmen who were vainly endeavoring to extricate some old barge, (newly purchased), from the perplexing intricacies of Thatcher's storage,—I climbed up to the loft and lay upon the roof of the shed, enjoying in "solitary grandeur" a quiet cigar, in disobedience of race rules—and looking down upon a scene amusingly animated. Yet

those fellows, blundering there over that old tub, by the best of practice heavy rowing, will soon learn to pull their new shell against our crack oars. That deep narrow cockle-shell, they are spending so much admiration upon, is the ill-fated *Volante*. They will laugh at its round log-like sides before they graduate. Calthrop is laughing at it now—to his boys.

There I lay up on the roof beside the old canvas covered spy-glass which has watched the first boat round the buoy, in so many a Yale race—the sleeves of my flannel boat shirt rolled up to my elbows, and my hands still black with copal and lead dust. But I gazed out over the still bay, through the light wreath of the smoke, and through the vapory haze that seemed but a veil to cover the fair face of the harbor—whose winds and waves were sleeping—and I dreamed too. A boatman came from across the water—much unlike the ancient mariner. Young, almost boyish, his light foot and the broad shoulders, the stout arm his blue shirt covered, told me he was a boatman, as well as his hard brown hand that clasped mine with a good-natured grip, that almost crushed my fingers. It is a wonder it did not wake me.

He told me of Yale's first race—the training—the boats—the stroke, and said our quick stroke system is still wrong—then showed me how it must be altered—and the model of our boats changed. This information is of course private—except to the Commodore. He considered Calthrop's ideas on the subject orthodox, but when I showed him the account of "An English boat race," he smiled rather ironically, and said, it was foolish to throw away one's hat—that a "bump race" was only a scrub at best, and nothing to "along side," as at Putney on Thames. And while he was was making some dry remarks about keeping cool—the boats and yard seemed to vanish, and I was showing him *our* practice.

It is morning then, early morning, the air keen and bracing, the dew brushes off in sparkling drops, if you touch the grass by the walk.

A short run together up "Tutors' lane," takes the place of our ordinary four mile stretch, which is too much for the day of the race. After a sponge bath, we sit down to breakfast with a huge appetite, and the rare beefsteak and eggs disappear at a rate which would alarm any but boating men, and which raises the market price at every mouthful.

The juices of the meat run almost red, and Stroke, as he passes his plate for the third cut, quietly asks for "a little more of the gore."

After breakfast we walk briskly to the boat house, where they are

already putting the fresh lead on the boat. The air is as clear as before breakfast, but the wind is south-east and in puffs, and those light feathery clouds are a little ragged.

Put on the lead boys, polish her up to the gunwales! We shall have a spanking breeze and white-caps enough by ten.

So goes the morning, till carefully launching our boat, each in place—"Push off! Ready! Port give way! Give way all!" and we are off.

Down the river on a spirt to warm up a little—then round by Rikers' and through the draw—out into the open bay. There! that's racing water for you, long enough and *broad enough*—no sickly yellow river. On this course "bumping" is ruled foul, and, when the full ebb covers the mud shoals close in, it is ocean water that floats us, and the waves curl and their foam-crests flash with the lustre of the real briny sea, which gives vigor in the very breeze.

What a crowd on shore! more than one of those handkerchiefs are waving at us,—and, as each race-boat comes up, its own club cheers.

The French yacht shows her colors as we pass, and see the bonnet strings flutter from her deck—"Ready oars! Peak!" so answering her salute we pull leisurely by and saluting the Commodore, take position (by lot) outside. There are all colors of boat shirts about us—some on shore with the ladies, some in boats, some by that line of carriages, some in the sailing crafts that are every where dashing about. But here, in line, are no "pale blue jerseys," nothing but white—white duck pants—white close fitting knit shirts—white skull caps. It is the boats we must distinguish.

Inside, next the Commodore, that little sharp four oar, with those bearded fellows, is pulled by men from the scientific school. We give her twenty-four seconds handicap. The next, that straw-colored boat, with the beautiful rise of the bow, is a St. John's built boat, celebrated as winner of more than one race, and called a splendid sea boat. Here next us is the champion of last year, also a fine weather boat, with a new but powerful crew, and our boat long and low is straight as an arrow on the keel, (you can see her timbers as you sit here in her), but wide on the gunwales amidships, and you see the sheer of her sides, and how each of these rolling swells lifts her. How those white caps outside will toss her!

Now what are we racing for? for we have no "head of the river." Do you see that flag in the Commodore's hand, a little the coarsest and most weather-beaten piece of blue bunting you ever saw, and

nailed to an old green staff? "Pioneer Yale No. 1." That is the first flag that a Yale boat ever carried. The winners are to keep it as the "champion flag;" until they are beaten or graduate. And it is for that old blue bunting, that we are ready to pull as long as we can see to keep stroke. There! now we are in line—"Back a little!" That's it! No coxswain holds to a stake. The little four oar and ours carry none. That is the flag boat right off the bow, a point or two to leeward. See the stripes flutter—just a speck at a mile and a half. "Keep her so! steady!" The Commodore rises "Ready all!" "Give way!" Do you feel that spring from the oar-blades? Is it not worth your training to feel that one bound—the bound of your heart and the boat together? But those rising bows and quick deep strokes win the start from us. Did you say the crowd cheered? That is for the four-oar. But we do not hear it for we are behind and pulling like mad for the lead. "Steady men!" "Steady and cool!—you are pulling wild. Strong and together!" Now our shoulders come back with the real old swing—"long in the reach and quick on the feather"—and our long sweeping strokes are beginning to tell—the four-oars' bow just opposite the waist thwarts, and the St. John's stem for stem with us.

"Steady and hard." We are beyond the wharves and now we catch it. "Feather flat against this wind!" Swash—sh—sh—the bowsman gets a drenching, and now the waists, but only a few drops in the bottom. "Not a miss-stroke now for your lives! Careful men!"

Steady and hard again for half a mile more, stem and stem—the four oar hugging close, and "Now men we must turn the stake boat first while our low bows favor us—Jump her! Hard! Hard!" and away we go, springing to the oars with a vigor that strains every muscle from hand to shoulder, and from shoulder to foot.

But they throw themselves to the spirt with all their strength, and it is only inch by inch that we draw away from them. "Now work! Hard and strong! Hard!" It is here that shoulders and thighs, and training, and pluck tell. They cannot stand this with us, and their stroke is flagging. Now there is a boat's length between us, and now another.

"Hard for one more! Pull now with a will!" and "Hold water star-board! Hard a Port! Careful as we go round, steady!" Never mind the splashing, the cold spray only gives us a fiercer glow. We only ship a hat-full or so, and round the stake boat with a clear length start—though the sheer of the keel makes those lifting bows there turn as on a pivot.

Away we spring on the home stretch. Did anything ever make your blood leap like this? Shall you shout? Shall you throw away your hat? Bless you! you would not know you ever had a hat, and as your fingers clench the oar with a nervous grip, and your breath comes hot and heavy, and your head swims with the exertion, you could not think of shouting any more than of flagging—of any thing but the stout strain to the oar and your cleanest feather. And you would not exchange the free heaving of your chest, the swelling joy in your throat, for royalty—for your heart beats prouder, more exulting, and you love your swift boat, and the stout fellows with you, with a hardy sailor's love that sighing swains cannot dream of.

Round they come after us, but the little four oar is too sharp for this weather and lags behind, dragging and water logged, but now the wind fills the high bows of the *St. John's* and the *Champion* as it would a sail, and how they come down for us. But it is the home stretch, and we hold them by hard pulling, and come in to the wharves still on the lead and spirt home, drawing well away from them. Bang! Bang! the Frenchman salutes us, and now we can listen to the ringing cheers from shore, and see the ensigns all about us go up to mast head, and so trail along side the Commodore's boat, first winners of the old blue bunting. And as we stoop to dip a handful of the cool water to wet our warm temples, we answer many a nod of approval—many a fluttering handkerchief—and in five minutes more are on shore shaking hands with our fellows, who crowd around us, and then listening to congratulations almost more acceptable.

"But do you not feel sick almost? are you not exhausted?"

That is the pride of our training—after cooling our faces and a swallow of water, our heads are as clear—our nerves and pulses as steady, as this morning, and for a six-months after, our steps will be lighter, our hearts beat more buoyant for the luxury of health in every vein.

We are trained—not to be battered in a prize ring until victor and vanquished more than undo all that the discipline effected—but to feel the glowing exhilaration of health and strong muscle for many a month, and add vigor if not years to our future life. You can be happier and better men, most of you, by feeling even once the generous rivalry of a boat race. And here in salt water and out over the tossing sound you may become not mere effeminate "fresh water sailors," to "make time" on a sleepy river, but boatmen who shall pull daringly and strong against wind and tide. And if bay mud at low tide be vile, and our arrangements not entirely the most convenient—yet you may learn

to shun filth and luxury together, and by the coarse diet acquire a command over your appetites, yes over yourself—that is not limited to restraint from drink and tobacco.

“You Bowsman! Come down!”

“You lazy dog, you were asleep up there.”

“You have been smoking, you wretch.”—and what they said to me for my contempt of race rules—just that one quiet dreamy smoke, I prefer not to put in “the Lit.” but we are challenged for the championship, and must pull again for the blue bunting next week.

C. H. O.

Rainy Days.

“Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.”—HORACE.

The old poet who wrote those lines possessed one most desirable item of knowledge. He knew how to make an unpleasant day pleasant. And when it was cold and dismal, instead of suffering all good spirits to take wings and fly away, and giving a free opportunity for all the blue devils in the world to take up their abode in his mind, old Horace pursued a more sensible course. He shut himself up in a cozy room, before a glowing fire, and with boon companions at his side, and good wine on the table near by, he committed all troubling cares to the charge of the majesties below, and set about having a jolly time in spite of the dreary weather.

Well, in this spring time, before summer and winter have fairly finished their fight for the supremacy, and we hardly know what season to call it, there comes many a dark, cold, rainy day, more hateful, if anything, to us than that cold winter time was to the old Romans. One can scarcely find it in his heart to blame the muttered anathemas which reach the ear from all sides then, and if long faces and woe-begone visages do appear, they scarcely seem reprehensible.

But there is a comfort to be found on a rainy day which no other time affords, and a good way to gain it is to follow the example of Horace.

So if you wake up some of these mornings and see the sky dark and leady, a hard rain pouring away as if for dear life, and everything out doors looking as gloomy, cheerless and chilling, as well can be, don't start with the determination to be and look as scowling as dame Nature herself, but follow the instructions of a jolly poet and enjoy yourself.

"Dissolve frigus." Yes, drive away the cold. There's an old saying, that "a cold hand goes with a warm heart," but I don't believe it. The two things are incompatible. Shivering bodies and warm thoughts never agree. No man ever had a pleasant reverie in a cold room. The brightest fancies come when we sit before a fire as bright as they. So rake out the gray ashes from the old Franklin stove, and start a fire in it that shall glow and glisten until it seems fairly to smile and grin with delight at the genial comfort which it diffuses. And then when the coals are bright and red, "*ligna super foco large reponens*"—heaping on a fresh shovel full of fuel, watch the parti-colored flames leaping up through the interstices, and winding themselves about the black masses until they burn again brightly and steadily.

Now our worthy exemplar brought out the "*quadrimum merum*," a dusty bottle of old wine, and proceeded to summon a little "dutch courage" to his assistance. Not a bad idea in those days when one knew what he was drinking, but in these times of logwood and corrosive sublimate, hardly advisable. But we have a substitute which Horace—poor fellow—never dreamed of. I mean a good Havana. So take one down from its resting place. Look at it tenderly—the little weed—rich, dark and brown—what a world of comfort is wrapped up in that small space. Draw up an easy chair now before the warm fire, and while the rain is pouring down outside, and the little drops come pattering against the window panes, as if longing and begging for an entrance, and a share in the comfort, light your cigar. The smoke clouds wreath gracefully up into the air. The blue rings float lazily away, framing sweet pictures. Bright eyes, sunny hair, pouting lips, peep through them. All the pleasant memories of years past—all the bright hopes for years to come, throng around you then—and with them for companions, you are ready for an hour's enjoyment that will warm any heart, and drive away the "blues" so effectually that they will scarcely dare show their scowling faces for a week to come.

Rainy days come in this College life, when clouds of disappointment

shut out hope's light, and seem to shed a dampening influence over everything. There's some reason in low spirits at such times, and they do not always seem entirely discordant with manliness. Still there is a brighter side on which to look. It is better to bear up in trouble than to yield. He is the best man, and the best loved man, who knows how to "suffer and be strong," and who does not live in a perpetual mourning for his buried hopes. If we could only learn not to regard these rainy days of College life in the light of irretrievable disappointments, there would be many a smiling face which is grim enough now. There are more men in every class than one is apt to suppose, whom one or two failures have soured for the whole four years of their life here. With almost every characteristic calculated to form a popular man and a pleasant friend, they have suffered the chilling influence of some few disappointments to strike into their hearts—cloud over and obscure the good traits, and add a darker hue to the evil ones. Envy gets the mastery over them, and right after it follows hatred. It is an injustice to think as we do of many such, that they are naturally morose, and jealous, and misanthropic. If we could only find our way into those frozen hearts, we might see much to admire there, and more perhaps to pity than to dislike.

Right by side of such persons we see some whose disappointments have been no less hard to bear, and no less in number, yet their spirits are as high, their faces as bright, their smiles as sunshiny as ever. The rainy days have been as dark to them as to any one, but they have not allowed the chill to affect them forever. When the disappointments come they do not suffer the gloom of the present to throw a shadow over all the bright thoughts of both past and future. A moments sadness, a moments regret, is inevitable, but by summoning every pleasant hope and memory to dispel the despondency, by learning a lesson of strength and resolution from the failure, the dark day is made pleasant, and the clouds are driven away.

How much more we love and admire such men, and how much better they will prove when they go out to fight in the world, and meet its stormy weather. For they tell us that the rainy days come thick and fast then, and that the glimpses of the sun are "few and far between." If we despond and despair at the loss of some slight hopes now, what will we do when hereafter we stand by the grave of a project on which almost everything has been staked. In the four years spent here we are preparing for action, but at the same time we must prepare for disappointment. The best lesson we can learn is the one

which teaches us to say in the rainy days of life, when the bitter drops of sorrow fall thickly,—

Be still sad heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,—
Some days must be dark and dreary.

W. P.

The Seven Knights of Guiest.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

O merry, I ween, were the Knights so bold,
The Knights of the silver blades;
And many the battles they won of old,
In the days of the great crusades,
And many the hearts whose blood ran cold
By the stroke of their burnished blades!

But merrier yet were the Seven Knights—
The dauntless Knights of Guiest:
O, the bumpers they drained as they told of fights
In the golden-sanded East!
O, the hearts that warmed on the gala nights
Of the Seven Chieftains' feast!

There stands a tower, in olden Wales,
Where the gallant seven met,—
And quaffed mellow wine over oft-told tales,
That the Knights might not forget.
And the old tower laughed at the howling gales,
And defied their angry threat.

On a cold dark night, in their banquet hall,
They were shouting and laughing o'er
Their "beautiful prowess," and all
They achieved on the foreign shore:
And the old tower walls rang as if they would fall,
Before the feast was o'er.

And the Knight of the golden braid,
And the Knight of the tufted helm—
Told how they bore off a beauteous maid,
From out her Father's realm—
And the old man slew—and bore his head,
And his coffers away with them.

And the Knight of the spangled shield,
And the Knight of the jeweled sheath,
Told the lives they spared on the battle-field,
And tortured with worse than death;
And how to those their hearts were steeled,
Who prayed mercy with dying breath.

And the Knight of the golden horn,
And the Knight of the massic bowl,
Told how they burned the town Aldorn,
And murdered each innocent soul,
From the aged man to the youngest born:—
(God save their guilty souls!)

But the Chief of the silver sword,
Told how in its cloister dim,
He entered, with steel all whet for blood,
When the Nuns were at Vesper hymn,
Commending their souls to the will of God.—
O, Saviour! pity him.

And he told how they wept and prayed,
As they watched the lurid fire
Creep up the cells of each holy maid,
Still higher and ever higher:—
And how they were ravished—each holy maid—
Then cast in the glowing fire!

The Knights took the tankard down,
Filled each a bumper high,
And drank and cursed the saints, till morn
Was bright in the eastern sky:
Ah! little thought they, ere the day was done,
Each and every one must die!

Wild grew the banquet then,
And riotous the cheer,
For lo! the eyes of those poisoned men
Were burning hot and blear—
O, their writhing limbs and maddened brain,
And hearts all black and sear!

With tortures none can know,
And anguish none can tell,
Their bodies change from their wonted glow,
To a blackness, deep and fell,—
Till their corpses rigid seemed, I trow,
Like the damned ones of Hell.

Adown the long, damp walls,
Adown the crag-piled shore,
Their last deep groan on the bald day falls,
Till the tower is still once more;
And the stillness reigns, save when the curlew's call,
Or the waves break on the shore.

For Spirits had changed the rubic wine
Of the Knights of the gallant deeds,
To chalice, teeming with poisoned brine,
And deadly, noxious weeds;
When they cursed the souls of the saints divine,
And blasphemed their holy creed.

And still where the billows moan
A ceaseless requiem;
Where the sea-mew all alone,
Shrieks a mournful funeral hymn—
Sit the Seven Knights, all turned to stone,
In the banquet chamber grim!

W. C. B.

Junior Exhibition.

WE hold that no one but a Yankee can speak justly of the gift of gab. To be a Yankee implies the possession of certain individual traits of character not had by the rest of the world,—such as real grit, successful shrewdness, opinions on all sorts of subjects, whether understood or not, and a surprising readiness to utter them on every occasion. We are desirous of vindicating our kinship to the Yankee race,—and we have a word to say about the last Junior Exhibition. With strict utilitarian views, we inquire its use? Does it have anything to do with moral and social progress? Is it an index of College talent? Is it a platform on which we dare to say just what we

think, in terms true to our own convictions? Does it foster a true culture by exercising the best faculties of our nature on subjects in which we take a personal interest? Does it not rather help on that carnival of gab which is almost always held in college? Does it not, indeed, fail to secure the very object for which it was designed,—a manly improvement in writing and speaking.

There is a tendency among us to make up and express our opinions on the greatest subjects, in a convenient "cramming" time, with hardly any regard to thoroughness of research, independence of thought, or breadth of mental vision. In a certain sense, this is absolutely necessary, but if we rely on it to any extent, our knowledge becomes second-hand, does not become part and parcel of our minds, and leaves us in a kind of mental weakness. We become superficial, and having just enough information to talk *about* a subject, and too much conceit to gain complete knowledge of it, we assume a convenient braggadocio, which hardly accords with scholarly dignity, much less with the truthfulness of manhood. This vice belongs to the Yankee character. We know too much, yet not *multum in parvo*. It constantly appears in our institutions of learning, and perhaps it is one of the last vices a truly humble and earnest mind has to fight against. It makes the man loquacious; his opinions valueless. Perhaps its worst feature is the vaunted superiority which utters its *ipse dixit* at every corner. How deeply we are sunk in this vice, each man may not know for himself, (conceit is an unconscious faculty,) and we shall not attempt to decide. But that it rests, like an incubus, on all our college attainments, no one will deny. If we should sift down our knowledge to its actual amount, we should perhaps be in doubt whether we knew anything at all. Our numerous debates and literary essays tend directly to cultivate superficial habits of thought. The subjects are generally above our grasp, or require extensive reading, before we can form an opinion which is worth the having; but few of us are able, even if we were so disposed, to devote much time to them; we only get enough smattering to pronounce a few oracular names, to assume a knowing air, and to talk pedantically; the primary object is rather to make a show of fine things, than to grapple with the very roots of a theme; the effort is apt to be toned so as to suit the drift of college sentiment; and if the *show* of greatness succeeds in creating a belief in its *reality*, the victor deems himself (and justly) a very lucky fellow.

In cherishing superficial thought, there is no college institution so excellent as our Junior Exhibition. It is the very acme of success to

make a brilliant display. Let us see with what preparation it is made. We will not help our friend to decide upon a subject; we grant him enough independence of mind for that,—though instead of taking one upon which he has ever had a sober thought, he has chosen one at the very name of which we can hardly keep from smiling,—“The Philosophy of Mystery.” Our beardless friend now posts off to the library, and after endless calls for books which *happen* to be out, he gets a few dog-eared reviews and certain mysterious works, whose names, we believe, are as follows:—De Quincy’s Opium Eater, Faust Goethe’s and Sorrows of Werter, Kant’s Metaphysics, Brockden Brown’s Novels, Poe’s Psychological Stories, Butler’s Analogy, and Tales of the Inquisition.

He reads all these through, and carefully notes every place where he meets with the word philosophy or mystery. He especially culls out the word transcendental; subjectivity he finds is “*diametrically opposed*” to objectivity. He makes a notes of it, and proceeds to divide his theme into two parts, the subjective and the objective. With great ado he patches his notes together, and begins to dress them up in a magnificent style. As the subject is philosophical in its nature, it is necessary that many words new to the vulgar ear, should be introduced; and if they are of mysterious length and sound, it will greatly assist the delivery of the oration.

The work is finally accomplished and handed in to the professor of Rhetoric, who after gravely looking it over and making a few changes in punctuation, returns the document with many expressions of surprise at the philosophic acumen of the author. The day arrives when the great effort is to come off. We go with the crowd and getting into a humble corner, watch the effect of the oration upon the audience. Our friend dressed in a certain new habit mounts the stage and begins his oration with an easy patronizing air. The subject being so great and one which so few understand, he wins unusual attention. Freshmen and Sophomores are thrown into raptures by his eloquent periods; young ladies quickly drop their fans, in order to catch every word; and his Junior friends stand ready to congratulate him at the further end of the house.

He winds up amid boisterous applause, and walks off the stage, the hero of the day. We notice the Seniors, are not quite so ready to applaud, but presume they belong to a rival society; and moreover, we can detect a half-suppressed sense of the ridiculous stealing over the features of some of the Faculty and the more sensible persons present. But then, who would cool off the enthusiasm which thus greets a young man!

We leave the house, under the impression that a new era is about to dawn upon the civilized and barbarian world. The mystery has been cleared up. In imagination we see all the old worthies, from Abel down to Deacon Pond, assembling in New Haven, to advance the *intellectual, social and moral* progress of mankind. John Howard is to deliver an oration on European prisons, Florence Nightingale reads an account of her Crimean Hospitals, Burns reads a poem on his encounter with the Devil at the wicket gate, and Dr. Kane has an essay on the modesty of true greatness. We feel how noble, great, and good everything is to be, and almost wish we might have a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and thus have both an escape from the ills of the present, and the glad surprise of seeing a regenerated world.

But by the time we reach our room, we have descended to the common level of mankind and ridden ourselves of these glowing visions of the future. We sit down in the old arm chair and fall to musing. The gist of our thought we will try to give the reader;— We feel that Junior Exhibition is a consummate bore. The speeches seem superficial and vapid. A few have chosen subjects within their grasp, and writing with the sincere purpose of saying what they thought, have given satisfaction to the audience. The majority have used “glittering generalities” upon themes, whose nature and bearing they had no tact to find out. They have written in order to show what they could do, and how well. The higher motive in writing,—the inward throbbing of truth for utterance,—the genial enthusiasm which calls into activity the whole man, and makes whatever he writes instinct with his own sentiments,—the views of truth which come from a glance into its secrets,—the joy of having thoughts of our own, and the lively feeling which makes their expressions vital;—of these they have no knowledge; their work is mechanical and showy; the impression which they make is clever, nay *very clever*; and we find those who have heard them once, never wish to hear them again. They are sick of so much show of talk, when it seems as if the knowledge had been rammed in and never digested. If young men have ideas of their own, and will tell just how it is with them, making their pieces individual in character, and stirring with life, even the aged will not soon tire of them. If we had more specimens of such talent, Junior Exhibition would be a very different affair, but as long as we have dry pedants speaking on still drier themes, attendance upon the Exhibition ought to be more honored in the breach than in the observance. But the majority of speakers, according to the present *regime*, will always be of that class who love knowledge—not of those who love a generous culture. Thus the evils, we have spoken of, will con-

stantly re-appear—and successive audiences be duped into hearing showy tirades, when they came to get an idea of the real ability shown in college. Better than such an impression, (and it is generally the true one,) would be the utter extinction of all such Exhibitions, and a spending of the time thrown away upon them in some work which would add to the vital energy of the man.

A college course is not a season for display, gabbling, gossiping and electioneering. Such ways of consuming time will be made use of, because there are enough whose chief talent lies in that direction. But we prefer that class who have the blessed gift of silence, who feel that they have a real work to perform in life, who are full of an ambition not to gain honor for themselves, but to do what good they can, who do not abound in wordiness and bluster, but rather have so much to think of, that they have no inclination to mingle in personal gossip, who place integrity first, regard for the feelings of others, next, themselves, last; and to whom we are all drawn by tacit reverence and personal sympathy. To the honor of Yale be it confessed, that not only the better discipline of the college tends directly to help form such men, but they do greatly abound here. When the noise dies away and the smoke clears up, we begin to see how extensive their ranks are. Do they ever think of the honors of Junior Exhibition? They weigh not a straw in their estimation; nay they are about the lowest honors they ever think of. We love such men for their individual worth; to have their confidence is a source of joy; their conversation elevates the soul into fellowship with the higher truths of our being; their habitual demeanor shows peace, geniality, and truthfulness within; we trust in their judgment, delight in their presence, and reverence their character; we feel that the burthen of the world's ills will one day rest on their shoulders, and that they are able to bear them. The college honors such men; the Faculty love to encourage and help them. We had rather have the testimony which one of our Professors, noted for his earnest character, recently gave to the personal worth of a classmate than all the honors the college could heap upon us.

Let Junior Exhibitions, then, die a natural death; let hard, earnest study be the rule, not the exception; let mirth, fun, and enthusiasm run high; let true manliness of character have a chance to be seen, for it never seeks occasion; let "trust in all things high," be the natural order of our life. Our college course will, then, be but a preparation and happy opening upon a life, in which we shall each one find some work, calling us to its performance, giving us a chance to make honorable what was before mean, and to serve God in those hidden ways and which lie out of common sight.

The Alchemist.

Bent is his aged form, and gaunt, and tall,
His goblin shadow dances on the wall,
Thrown by the furious embers, as they glow,
Against his wasted visage. Faint and low
The retort gurgled in its bowels molten,
Of wine, of sea salt, and of treasure golden.
Sad is the drooping eye, and in his mien
Is writ a tale of anguish, deep and keen.
Now o'er life's dying embers softly blow
The zephyrs of remembrance; and they glow
With life's archaic fire. From out the deep
Of his existence many shadows sweep
Of things long unremembered; and they come
To reckon up at last its fearful sum.

"In darkness, pain, and sin am I grown old.
The search which brought me here to die is done.
I have not found the hidden source of gold;—
The cup that lengthens days may not be won.

"The sand of life is run; and it is fit
The flickering lamp should die away in gloom.
I have not sought to know what visions flit
Across the darkness of the tomb;

"Yet now to die, and shuddering, go beneath
The shadow of a sempiternal night,
And covered by the darkling pall of death,
Sink into nought at dissolutions blight;—

"I fear it all, I cannot taste the cup,
Whose brim is with the blankest terror fraught.
I cannot yield the unwilling spirit up,
When life is all its misery hath sought.

"I cannot—God!—I will not die.
From day to day the stubborn sun hath rolled,
While in this darksome vault, have I
His years uncounted courses told.

"Yet I have known more joyous days.
When erst I trod the verdant hills of life,
The earth was glorious to my youthful gaze—
I knew not then its anger and its strife.

- " And life, to me, was like a heavenly flower—
Sweet tender nurseling !—that an angel hand
Should gather to God's garner, in the hour
That taught its pearly leaflets to expand.
- " And I have known the sterner joys, that wake
A stronger and a fiercer harmony,—
Like waves against the cliff-like heart they break,
That thunders back its wild antiphony.
- " I've seen the besom of a nation's power
Sweep o'er a hundred cities, till the earth
Mourned o'er her prostrate children, and the hour
Funereal, that gave the first man birth.
- " I've heard the voice of sorrow wail along
The marble halls and palace homes, of pride.
I've heard the notes of woe swell o'er the song
That peaceful virtue sung at eventide.
- " This mortal ministry is but a strain
Of broken music from a broken lyre.
Thought heaped on burning thought, and pain on pain
Are born and perish with its lightning fire.
- " Mysterious world, whose never-resting tide
Of life rolls o'er a dark and stormy sea ;
Whose streams of troubled waters glide
Still onward through eternity ;
- " Far in the fathomless abyss
Are unseen forms of human destiny,
That still must slumber, until nature's kiss
Shall wake to life the millions yet to be.
- " Curse me, O God ! with life !— time's fullness—ay !
In all thy wondrous plentitude of might,
Give not the fire-winged spirit up to die,
Nor o'er me shut the golden gates of light.
- " The world is all too full of beauty, love—
Too full of meaning infinite, the skies.
Thy voice is ever whispering above,
Breaking the seals of many memories.
- " In vain ! I hear the rustling wing
Of the dark angel winnowing softly by.
Unto thy mercy, Father ! let me cling,
I cannot.—O my God ! I will not die ! "

The Death of Professor Olmsted.

This event has carried grief to the hearts of all who are connected with the College community. The fact that Professor Olmsted was the oldest of the acting members of the Faculty, was adapted of itself to draw towards him the reverence and kindly regard of his pupils. He was familiar with the College in its former days, was graduated under President Dwight, had been the colleague of venerated men, some of whom have passed away, and others, retired from the cares of office, are enjoying a serene old age. His memory was stored with recollections of the Institution as it was in his youth, and his eye loved to revert to men and things as they were when he came upon the stage. He was thus a link to unite the present with the past. The culture of Professor Olmsted was marked with the peculiarities of the time when he was educated. He was well read in the English classics of the era of Addison,—the quiet and elegant school of writers who were not less careful of the form and sound of the sentence, than of the thought which it was to contain. But he had not overlooked the deep-thinking authors of the earlier period. He was very fond of Milton. His imagination was interested in what is lofty and eloquent, and so he went often to the great poet, whose “adventurous song” was content with “no middle flight.” We remember to have heard him present in a familiar lecture Milton’s views of Astronomy, as gathered from collated passages of his writings, and were struck with the enthusiasm which he exhibited in reading the grand conceptions of his favorite poet. Before Professor Olmsted’s time, there had grown up in College a taste for literature. More attention was given to rhetorical education; and the old studies of mathematics and logic had been compelled to divide their rank and honors with their new rival. If the style that was cultivated, especially in poetry, was ambitious and overstrained when judged by our canons, we may still applaud the enterprising spirit shown by writers at that day, and their manly independence of (conventional) standards. At least, they were not afraid to use their minds and to write what they felt. The four poets who had their training in Yale College—Dwight, Trumbull, Barlow and Humphrey—were most, if not all of them, in the latter part of their lives personally known to Professor Olmsted. It was natural that he should put a higher estimate upon their literary merit, than we can do, who see them at a distance and compare them with the great poets of our generation. Professor Olmsted was himself,

while in College and afterwards, distinguished for his skill in composition. He wrote much during his life for the press, chiefly on scientific matters, but sometimes on other topics, and wrote always in a lucid, dignified, animated manner. The two instructors who had the most decided influence upon his character and career, were President Dwight, and Professor Silliman, the former in developing his mind and shaping his principles, the latter in training him for the pursuits of science. His reverence for President Dwight, was filial, and was mixed with the highest admiration for his genius. The best gift of this eminent man seems to have been his singular power to quicken other minds. His indebtedness to Professor Silliman, he was, also, glad to acknowledge on all suitable occasions. The gratitude which he felt towards this patriarch of science, whom none know but to love, was warm to the end of life.

Professor Olmsted may be said to have been a teacher by nature. He had a strong impulse to communicate knowledge, and a corresponding tact. Intercourse with the young was a pleasure to him. To awaken and then to gratify their curiosity gave him delight. His methodical habits which were partly natural, were an additional qualification for the great work of his life. For upwards of forty years he has been a successful teacher, and nearly the whole of this long period, he has held an office in Yale College. He has been a sincere friend to his pupils, ever courteous in his deportment, ready to forgive their errors, a kind and judicious counsellor when they have sought his advice. His manners were, to some extent, those of a former day, when a careful propriety, a stately but genial courtesy, were more cultivated than they are now. But truth was in his heart, and kindness. That the cardinal virtue of sincerity was his, none have ever questioned.

The life of Professor Olmsted, illustrates the value of the *moral* element as the foundation of success. It is true that with inferior talents or inferior education, he could not have done his work. But using the term *moral* in a large sense as referring to what pertains to will and character, in distinction from intellect, it is evident that the principal cause of his success was of that nature. His adherence to *method* has been mentioned as one of his leading characteristics. But the source of this trait is moral. Most men are intellectually able to mark out a plan of conduct, comparatively few have the energy to do so, and to carry it out. They see the advantages of system, but never become systematical in their pursuits and modes of work. His

just estimate of his own abilities and of his true calling in life, his perseverance in the discharge of ordinary duties, his fidelity to minor obligations,—still more his elevated principles and his sense of responsibility to God, were *moral* qualities. It need not be said how much they contributed to his usefulness and to his success in the broadest meaning of the word.

Professor Olmsted was a consistent Christian. He did not live as if the end of religion, in his view, were emotional enjoyment to be sought now and then, the intervals being spent in doing evil. He endeavored to spend every day according to the principles and in the spirit of the Gospel. He aimed to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men. We deem an example, such as he furnished of firmness in the christian life, to be of inestimable value. Having lived such a life, he was prepared for death. He has entered upon his rest.

The sight of death calls out all the sympathies of the human heart. Animosities are smothered. The jealousies that separate men from one another, seem too trivial, and we are awed by a sense of our common relationship to God, and drawn together by a sense of our common weakness. Then, if at no other time, we feel that we are all in the hands of the Infinite Father. If death does not inspire this fraternal feeling, it fails of a principal purpose for which it is sent. May this affliction which has befallen the College, be a bond to unite instructors and students in mutual trust, love and friendly services,—yes, in the higher bond of love to God, and faith in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life!

Book Notices.

Sir William Hamilton's Lectures—

To the metaphysical student this is a work of great value, and it is worthy of the reputation of its author. It combines the essential qualities of a good treatise, namely, richness of matter and clearness of style, and presents to the attentive reader no barrier to the full understanding of the work.

For Sale at Student's Bookstore, 155 Divinity College.

The Avenger. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY.—

This is the 21st volume of De Quincey's Miscellaneous Writings. Its contents are "*The Avenger*;" *Additions to the Confession of an Opium-Eater*; "*Supplementary Note on the Essenes, a paper on "China,"* and "*Traditions of the Rabbins.*" To those acquainted with De Quincey's writings, it is needless to recommend a work of such sterling merit as this.

For sale ditto.

Boardman's Higher Christian Life—

The object of this book, which is written in an earnest and effective style, is to point out to its readers, the way to a Higher Christian Life. It is worthy the consideration of all Christians, and those who are not so, will reap benefit from its perusal.

For sale ditto.

Percival's Poems—

In two neatly executed little volumes, which also contain a sketch of the author's life. The students of Yale College will receive this work with pleasure and pride, since Percival was a graduate of this College, and by a brilliant genius contributed to its renown.

For sale ditto.

There are also upon our table *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, and *the New Englander* for May. Both of them are good substantial numbers.

For sale ditto.

McKay will publish in a few days the address by Pres. Woolsey on *The Life and Character of Prof. Olmsted*. It will also contain a portrait of the Professor. Every student will of course have a copy.

We have just been shown a drawing of a Yale Biennial Examination, executed by W. H. Davenport, formerly connected with Yale College, and now among the most promising young artists in New York City.

This sketch is very finely executed, and *true to nature*. It is about the same size of the two other pictures, viz: *Initiation and Burial of Euclid*, but of superior merit to either of them. It will be published by *Presentation Day*, if by that time there is the requisite number of subscribers. Let all who intend to purchase it, subscribe immediately.

Subscriptions received at Student's Bookstore, 155 Divinity College.

Memorabilia Valensia.

BERKELEY SCHOLARSHIPS.

1st.

Eugene Schuyler.

2nd.

J. A. Cooper.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

THE Junior Exhibition of the Class of '60 took place on Tuesday afternoon and evening, the 5th of April. It passed off with the usual eclat, the illustrious "Germania" contributing to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The following was the Programme:—

AFTERNOON.

1. Music.
2. Latin Oration, "De jurejurando Hannibalis," by William Wisner Martin, *Woodbridge, N. J.*
3. Dissertation, "Sacred Places," by William Edward Bradley, *New Canaan.*
4. Dissertation, "Boabdil El Chico," by Henry Ward Siglar, *Canandaigua, N. Y.*
5. Dissertation, "Superstition," by Francis Roscoe Way, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
6. Music.
7. Poem, "King Midas," by Henry Champion, *New Haven.*
8. Dissertation, "Chivalry," by Frederick Callender Ogden, *Newport, R. I.*
9. Dissertation, "Junius as a Patriot," by George Engs, *Newport, R. I.*
10. Music.
11. Dissertation, "The Reign of Edward III," by Thomas Gordon Hunt, *New Bedford, Mass.*
12. Poem, "Humbug," by George Lynde Catlin, *Staten Island, N. Y.*
13. Oration, "William of Orange," by Nathaniel Norton, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
14. Music.
15. Dissertation, "Men of Intellect and Men of Feeling," by Henry Elbert Barnes, *Plantville.*
16. Dissertation, "Purpose," by Daniel Hebard, *Lebanon.*
17. Dissertation, "Our Sphere of Action," by John Frank Seeley, *Beverly, O.*
18. Music.
19. Oration, "Influence of Conquests," by Jacob Wadsworth Russell, *Chicago, Ill.*
20. Oration, "Faith in Common Life," by William Fowler, *Utica, N. Y.*
21. Philosophical Oration, "Political Life," by John Moses Morris, *Wethersfield.*
22. Music.

EVENING.

1. Music.
2. Greek Oration, "Ὁ Περικλῆς τὰς Ἀθήνας αὐξάνων καὶ εὐεργετῶν," by James Henry Schneider, *Aintab, Syria.*
3. Oration, "The Physical Features of our Country providentially adapted to our people," by Thomas Howell White, *New Haven.*

4. Dissertation, "Cheerfulness," by Charles Henry Vandyne, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
5. Music.
6. Dissertation, "Handel's Messiah," by George Hermon Griffin, *New York City.*
7. Oration, "The Influence of the English Universities on the early Education of New England," by Alonzo Brayton Ball, *New York City.*
8. Dissertation, "The Stone of the Swede," by Charles Hunter Owen, *Hartford.*
9. Music.
10. Oration, "Self-renunciation," by William Thayer Smith, *New York City.*
11. Oration, "Architecture, a Christian Art," by Daniel Cady Eaton, *New York City.*
12. Dissertation, "Integrity in the Statesmen," by Lowndes Henry Davis, *Jackson, Mo.*
13. Music.
14. Oration, "The Significance of Symbols," by Edward Gay Mason, *Dubuque, Ia.*
15. Oration, "The Power of a Watchword," by Edward Boltwood, *Amherst, Mass.*
16. Oration, "The Charm of Error," by Joseph Leonard Daniels, *East Medway, Mass.*
17. Music.
18. Dissertation, "The Rise and Fall of Mohammedan Power," by William Curtis Johnston, *Smyrna, Turkey.*
19. Dissertation, "Apostleship," by Luther Maynard Jones, *Marlborough, N. H.*
20. Oration, "The Material Universe as a Theater for the Discipline and Development of the Mind," by Robert Stewart Davis, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
21. Music.

Editor's Table.

THE patrimony of our fathers has at length descended unto us. After a brilliant and successful career under the tutelage of '59, "The Lit." free from the encumbrance of debt, seeks again a lodging place in the hearts, minds, and pockets of Yalensians, and all other individuals, whether they be within our gates or sojourning in foreign lands.

The newly elected board have essayed the wearisome task of editorial life, and to the success of their protege they are willing to devote their time and all available talent, but at the same time would respectfully remark to an *enquiring* public,

"Silver and Gold we have none."

We start in this enterprise of public benefaction devoid of this world's goods, and shall congratulate ourselves if, at our "exeunt omnes" we find we have still

maintained our former independent position in the world. However, we have become candidates for public approval, and *trusting* to the generous spirit of the age, we await its decision.

We will state, for the benefit of patrons and friends, that the Lit. will be conducted in an unexceptionable manner, as regards politics and religion. No schism of Church or State shall mar the harmony of its monthly routine. While we believe that the American Eagle is an extensive bird, and of noble origin, yet we cannot express the opinion, as many of our eminent statesmen have done, that the manifest destiny of this fledgling is to spread its pinions, and soaring southward take up its domestic habitation on the isle of Cuba. We respect the Constitution, Our Fore-Fathers, and the Tree of Liberty, but whether these are to be permanent institutions in our country, we are not prepared to say. In regard to the candidates for 1860, the board have as yet expressed no opinion, but sincerely hope that, whatever may be the issue, Bro. Garrison will not dissolve the Union. So much for the future conduct of the Lit.

The quietude of this provincial settlement has, after a lapse of three weeks been broken. Ye hopeful father, and indulgent mother, have bewailed the sudden departure of their son. Maidens loved and not beloved, mourn with bitter lamentations and tears the loss of ye happy intercourse. The paternal mansion looks like "some *banquet* hall deserted." The pantries and side-boards behold no more the gastronomic feats of the returned collegean. The domestics rest from their labors. Small brothers and sisters rejoice in their wonted peace and security; even the dog and cat perambulate the dwelling with a consciousness, that the ruthless invader of their domestic happiness is absent.

Seniors have returned to *enjoy* the *luxuries* of a last Biennial; Juniors now behold the promised land of Senioric felicity; Sophomores are soon to reap the reward of two years hard labor, and realize the hidden beauty of that song "Biennials are a bore," &c; Freshmen, throwing aside the dilapidated garments of youthful verdancy, will ere long leave the land of their captivity, and sing a new song.

Yes the Spring vacation has gone, and in it many *luckless* collegians, sacrificed the independence of a bachelor's life, and entered their names upon the retired list. Alas! What anxiety, what a loss of poetic sentiment, what a financial risk they have incurred! And here for the benefit of our readers we insert the matrimonial items of the class of '60.

Hopefully engaged,	-	-	-	-	-	25
Making the sad attempt,	-	-	-	-	-	40
Open to negotiations,	-	-	-	-	-	35
Advocates of single blessedness,	-	-	-	-	-	10
Lost beyond recovery,	-	-	-	-	-	5
Who would, but cannot,	-	-	-	-	-	0

Let all when they have read this list "Go and do likewise."

The Summer term has commenced in earnest. The Cochlaureati creeping stealthfully upon their intended victim, like Banquo's ghost, nab him, and frighten his inmost soul by that momentous question "Have you got your Spoon money?" What a sight for a painter! The Spoon man looks solemn, the man that "sub-

scribed" looks more solemn, but when the melancholy "No" is heard, the Spoon man looks most solemn. Happy is the man who never "subscribes," and sorrowful, mournful, is the being who attempts to collect "subscriptions."

By the way, in speaking of the Wooden Spoon we are reminded of the peroration of an address titled "Student life in Yale," delivered at the last Spoon exhibition; having procured it from the author, G. H. Coffey of 59, we insert it, being worthy both of the subject and occasion.

"There is no place of education in all the world which we could love as we do "old Yale." No! have we ever visited, or shall we ever hereafter visit or become connected with the time-honored and classic halls of Oxford or Cambridge; which are redolent with the muses; which would connect us with the memories of nearly all that is great and good in English Literature; which would make us fellow-students with the mighty dead; call up the majestic shades of either Pitt, or godlike Milton with his heaven-tuned lyre, or Byron, with his harp of fire: or should that more liberal University of the "Beautiful City," Dublin, remind us of a Goldsmith, an Emmett, a Grattan, a Phillips, or of those "Attic nights" which Curran and Avonmore

"Spent not in toys, or lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy;"

or should Edinburgh—the Athens of to-day—offer us the splendid advantages of her University; which would remind us of a Jeffrey, a Brougham, a Scott, and make us partakers in the memories of "Noctes Ambrosiæ:" or should we, in the gayest City of the world, in the Imperial Institute, sit with wonder and admiration, under the instructions of the first men of science of the age: or should we seek knowledge among the old Universities of historic Germany, situated in her palaces and beneath the shades of her ivy-clad castles, on the banks of "King Rhine, the broad and the grand," where the wine of the rhineland and the Moselle leaps with sparkling life—ay, should we inhabit any or all of these; back, back from them all; back from all these classic shades and historic groves, back from Addison's walk at Oxford, back from Milton's garden at Cambridge, to these dear, familiar, loved old elms—our temple, where we have worshiped, beneath which we have walked with dearest friends, ay, perchance, where some of you have "loved" "beneath the keen full moon," would we turn with longing and delight.

Back from all these grand old Universities in palace and by castle, back from all these memories and wonders, back from all our wanderings amid the grandest scenes of history, art and literature, would our hearts come "all untraveled" to thee—with your earlier and more loved golden memories and fascinations; with your loftier, purer hopes not disappointed; with your brave old elms; with your beautiful city, and yet more beautiful maidens; with your jubilees of head and heart life; with your songs, the sweet enchanting melodies, that sing forever in our hearts—beloved, blessed, old, Alma Mater Yale!"

The "elections" are approaching, already the candidates have been announced. Coalitions have been formed and as often broken. Groups collect here and there to discuss the merits of the candidates, and count the votes of the respective parties. Now the victory leans to this side, but to-morrow's Sun ushers in a new state of affairs. For, some society in the *still* hour of midnight met, and decided "that let others do as they may, as for us, give us liberty, or give us death." Those who never bowed before *now* bow the more.

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